

girl, but at least outwardly we objected to being dragooned by the captain for escort duty. Most of the burden fell on a friend and classmate, Ensign Adam De Mers. Adam, like the captain, hailed from Arkansas and was a favorite of the gracious Mrs. Foy.

The other ship-maneuvering incident came when the Oklahoma was under the command of the new captain and involved the carrier Enterprise turning into us during night maneuvers. She came so close that the overhang of her flight deck bent the flag staff on the stern as she went by. The safety talker of turret four was on deck manning his telephone and was so stunned he was speechless for several minutes after seeing the overhang of the flight deck pass just over his head. Technically, of course, this too was a collision but it was never treated as such.

There was a great feeling of cockiness among those with whom I worked and played. I don't recall anyone ever expressing any concern about potential combat naval or otherwise, with the Japanese. That combat was expected, was almost a given fact. After cruise foreshortened, and its first-class academic year compressed so that we could graduate in February 1941 instead of June. War was expected. It was just a matter of when. But at no time in my circle was an attack on Pearl considered even a possibility.

We worked hard both at sea and in port. The crews of the battleships were professional. They were competent and well trained but probably to do the wrong things. Competition was keen among the battleships. It included every phase of operations from long-range major-caliber gun accuracy and rate of fire, through the highly structured, but very artificial, short-range battle practice for the 5-inch/51-caliber surface-to-surface secondary battery. Battleship signal gangs vied with each other across the spectrum of visual communications. Even the signal officers became involved in sending and receiving semaphore and flashing--light messages and seeing who could be the most accurate and fastest interpreter of tactical signals.

Competition in athletics also was heated. One of my more embarrassing moments occurred when, as coach of the Oklahoma's softball team, I put myself in as a pinch hitter in the last inning of a championship game against the Nevada's team--and proceeded to strike out.

In port, as long as your work was done, there was ample opportunity to play. Recreation facilities were plentiful. The beaches, of course, were superb. The Army's Fort DeRussay, in the middle of Waikiki, had a marvelous beach. In those days Oahu was not a tourist trap as it is today. It was beautiful, uncrowded, and there were no high-rise apartments anywhere near the beach. The favorite watering spots for the "youth crowd" were Lau Ye Chai's and the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. The former (a restaurant with a good dance floor) had the better band, and was less formal and more affordable. The dance floor of the Royal Hawaiian, however, was hard to beat. It was right on Waikiki Beach. There, with Diamond Head in the background and the breaking surf luminous in the moonlight, all resistance was said to dissolve.

Some of the more junior ensigns found the state of matrimony irresistible, despite the two-year ban following graduation from the Naval Academy. Almost every big ship had at least one or two ensigns who had married before the end of their initial two years of service. If this fact had become known officially to their superiors, these ensigns would have been discharged from the Navy. A few who married early admitted it and got out; most did not. They were a number in the Oklahoma who did not. They avoided taking the first boat ashore and always caught the early mail boat back in the morning. This routine enabled them to avoid the obvious with the senior officers. Those senior officers who might have been suspicious seemed to avoid confronting the ensign unless the latter's

actions were so blatant as to demand challenge. Those who had been discharged for marrying too soon were recalled to active duty shortly after the war began.

Like all the major combatants, the Oklahoma had a Marine detachment on board. Ours was a good outfit. There seemed to be a fair working relationship between the sailors and Marines. I was one sailor, however, who thought the Marines were too rigid and unthinking in carrying out their routines. This was caused by the fact that one of the Marines almost holed me with a .45-caliber automatic pistol a couple of months before the Japanese attack. We were under way, and I was on the bridge a few yards from the captain. The corporal of the guard brought up a Marine orderly to relieve the watch. One of the orderlies was going through the damn silly drill of checking his automatic--all show and no substance. He took it out of his holster, raised it to eye level, pulled back the slide to see that the chamber was clear and let it slam forward. The only trouble was he didn't take the clip out and he had his finger on the trigger. As a consequence, a fresh round was levered into the chamber, the .45 fired, the bullet hit the overhead and ricocheted by my ear. No, I didn't have a warm feeling for this routine.

At sea the ships were exercised primarily in type maneuvers. Occasionally, circular task group formations were practiced, but the opportunities were rare. Most of it was of the Turn 9 or 9 Corpen variety. Being able to turn exactly in the wake of the ship ahead and keeping the right distance at night were of critical importance to success as an underway officer of the deck. Far too little attention was paid to damage control, antiaircraft gunnery, and shore bombardment. Radar had just come into the fleet. At least one heavy ship now sported a mattress-spring antenna rotating on her foretop. I remember our astonishment as reports came in to our bridge from the ship with radar-aircraft contacts at 25 miles or better. Unbelievable!

The Oklahoma, and the ships with us, operated darkened and stood condition watches during the two weeks at sea just prior to the attack. The destroyers had orders to attack any submarine contact made outside of the sanctuary areas for our boats. These actions were most unusual. Condition watches and steaming darkened ordinarily were reserved for war games. As soon as we hit port on Friday evening, 5 December, however, everything was relaxed. We went to the regular in-port routine, despite the fact that the Army had established patrols in various parts of Oahu. No antitorpedo nets were available to draw around the ship.

The Oklahoma was moored outboard of and starboard side to the Maryland. Our bows were pointed toward the harbor entrance. Our mooring was right at the head of the stretch of water which extended down past the officers' club to the submarine base. The Oklahoma was the ideal target for the torpedo planes, which came in low over the submarine base, dropped their fish for a reasonable arming run, and hauled ass.

I did not have the duty, but I remained in the ship Saturday night. I was low on money and didn't have a date. I went to the movie on board, did some reading afterward, and listened to the big-band records being broadcast by a Honolulu radio station. Midnight came and went. I remember being surprised by the fact that the radio station did not sign off then. It usually did. In later years, I often wondered if it remained on the air that night, later than usual, to act as a beacon for the Japanese. Since I don't recall anyone else ever raising the question. I presume I must be in error about the station broadcasting later than usual. When I finally turned off the light, my cabinmate had not returned.

When the attack started, I was in my cabin, in my bunk, half-awake. The general alarm jerked me out of my dozing state. Its clamor was paralleled by an

announcement over the general announcing system, "This is a real Jap air attack and no shit." I recognized the voice. It was Herb Rommel, a senior reserve ensi who had grabbed the microphone on his way to his battle station in turret four. Only under the most unusual circumstances would an officer personally make an announcement in those days of formal battleship routine. And the use of obscene language by anyone over the general announcing system was just unheard of. So th had to be real; moreover, right after the last work of the announcement the whole ship shuddered. It was the first torpedo hitting our port side.

Before the general alarm sounded, several officers were eating breakfast in the wardroom. Ensigns Herb Rommel and Norm Hoffman were among them. Steward's Mate First Class Ralph M. Boudreaux ran in shouting, "The Japs are attacking--rea bombs and torpedoes." The wardroom cleared in a hurry. As he went on deck, Herb looked in the eye of a torpedo bomber, rushed aft toward his turret and, on the way, sounded the warning over the general announcing system. Apparently, before the general alarm was pulled, the officer of the deck had the bugler sound off with the call for "air attack" over the general announcing system. I don't remember hearing it, but I've no doubt about hearing Herb's warning.

My cabin was on the second deck, starboard side, outboard of the barbette of turret one. My cabinmate was a friend and classmate, Ensign Lewis Bailey Pride, Jr., of Madisonville, Kentucky. His battle station was in a director up the foremast. Across the alcove from the entrance to our cabin was another; in it, Marine Corps Second Lieutenant Harry Gaver was berthed. He too was a friend.

The general alarm and the announcement did not awaken Bailey. I had to shake him. We threw on some clothes. While doing so, we had a chance for a few words. We asked each other how in hell the Japs managed to get in without being detected by the PBVs. These were the big seaplanes based at Ford Island. Early every morning, these flying boats used to roar down the channel and stagger into the air for their daily surveillance patrol. When the battleships were in port, this very early takeoff was damned annoying. As the large planes applied full power down past Battleship Row, they awakened all the junior officers. (The senior officers didn't mind because they lived ashore.)

After the announcement of the air attack, further word was passed for all personnel not engaged in repelling air attack to take shelter below the armored deck, which was the second deck. When I left our cabin a few seconds after Bailey, I was stopped in the passageway by Lieutenant Lawrence H. Birthisel, Bailey's division officer. He had come down from the deck above where the more senior officers were berthed. He wanted to know if Bailey was awake and on his way. I assured him that he was. This took a few extra seconds, however, because Lieutenant Birthisel seemed dazed. I convinced him finally that Bailey was up and away and continued on to my battle station. The tragic part of the story is that Bailey Pride was killed that morning. Among those who survived, I was apparently the last one to see him alive.

I learned later that the officers of the 5-inch/51 battery had gone ashore together Saturday night. They had reason to celebrate. During the immediately preceding at-sea period, the battery had completed a highly successful battle practice firing and collected a bunch of E's, the marks of excellence. But they carried on too long that Saturday night and missed the last boat back to the ship. As a consequence, they slept in their cars and caught the mail boat very early Sunday morning. This is why Lieutenant Birthisel seemed dazed--he was half asleep--and why he was so concerned about Bailey being awake and on his way.

In U.S. men-of-war there is a convention that for general emergencies, one goes forward and up on the starboard side and down and aft on the port side. As a consequence, I went around the barbette of turret one to the port side and started aft. I passed Second Lieutenant Gaver. He was on his knees, attempting to close a hatch on the port side, alongside the barbette. This hatch was part of the truss which led from the main deck to the magazines and was used for striking down

ammunition. There were men trying to come up from below at the time Harry was trying to close the hatch. No one who survived the attack saw Harry again. He too was killed that morning.

I continued aft on the port side until I got to the ladder which I knew led up to others which went directly to the signal bridge, my battle station. This ladder was just inboard of the damage control office. As I climbed the ladder to the main deck, I noticed the office was in disarray. There was a sailor in there on his hands and knees among a mess of papers and books. I don't believe he was wounded. Apparently a torpedo had detonated below and caused the damage.

On reaching the 01 deck, I went into the captain's cabin to see if his safe was locked. Special cryptological devices and plans were kept there. It was the responsibility of those of us in the communication department to jettison such devices in emergencies if we could. Because the captain was ashore, the cabin was empty. There were no stewards about. The safe was securely locked and far too big to try to move. I left the cabin and continued up the foremast on the way to the signal bridge.

Going from the main deck to the signal bridge, I was the first officer to pass the gun deck where the 5-inch/25 antiaircraft mounts were located. The sailors there were not manning the guns. I asked why. It turned out that the boxes containing the ready ammunition were padlocked, and there was no compressed air for the rammers. The padlocks were broken and the ammunition was hand-rammed into the breeches. Then the gun crews discovered there were no firing locks on the breech blocks. They had been removed and were down in the armory being cleaned for a scheduled admiral's inspection. As a result, not a shot was fired from these guns before the ship rolled over.

Afterward, I learned that the officer of the deck was required to keep the key to the ammunition ready boxes in his personal possession. A practice had arisen of hanging the key on a hook in the OOD shack. The senior watch officer objected to this and made the officer of the deck keep the key on a ring hung around his neck. On the morning of 7 December, the day was still around the neck of the officer who had stood the midwatch.

The gunnery officer, Lieutenant Commander Harry H. Henderson, wanted to keep a portion of the antiaircraft battery manned and ready while we were in port. He is reported to have been overruled by the captain. Apparently, Captain Bode believed the threat of an attack was insignificant, and it was more important to get ready for the inspection which was scheduled for Monday. As part of our preparation for the inspection, some of our blisters were open when the attack took place. The manhole covers had been removed in some instances so that the blisters could be aired out for a later cleaning. Obviously, our resistance to flooding was minimal when the torpedoes hit. When the blisters dipped under, flooding had to be massive.

When I arrived at the signal bridge, I found that the watch had responded to the signals from the flagship and from the base signal tower. As I remember the signals flying were, "repel air attack" and "get under way and leave port."

One had a good view of the amidship and stern sections of the ship from the ladders which led from the gun deck to the signal bridge. The executive officer, Commander Jesse Kenworthy, was the acting commanding officer. He came and took his station on the starboard ladder. From there he could see not only what was happening to the Oklahoma, but he had a pretty good view of the harbor as well.

The Arizona blew up at about this time. A huge spout of flame and gray--black smoke shot skyward way above her foretop. The explosion sounded like many depth charges going off simultaneously. It was later that the only Arizona officer forward of her stacks to survive was Ensign Douglas Hein, a classmate of mine. Doug told me that he was with the admiral and captain on the flag bridge when the explosion occurred. When he regained consciousness, he was in the water, not

knowing how he got there. He was badly burned on his back, head, and hands, but otherwise he was intact. Doug recovered fully, but the tragedy is that he was lost later in an aircraft accident.

About the same time, the lines securing the Oklahoma to the Maryland had started to pop as the list on the ship increased rapidly. The executive officer, watching all of this from his station on the ladder, gave the word to abandon ship. This word was picked up and passed along topside by shouts. I think that by this time power had been lost and the general announcing system was out. In retrospect fewer lives might have been lost if those of us topside had made more effort to get the word to those below decks to abandon ship.

I can recollect distinctly only that first torpedo explosion that helped roust me out of my bunk, although there had been at least four or five hits by who was the second division officer, counted five torpedo hits during the time he was running from the wardroom to his turret via its lower handling room and the climb up the center column to the turret booth. There were two more hits while he was in the booth testing telephones before William F. Greenaway, the leading boatswain's mate in the second division, put his head up the hatch in the overhang and relayed Commander Kenworth's order to abandon ship.

Before going over the side I remember seeing some of the Maryland's guns firing with Oklahoma sailors helping to man them. Avoiding the torpedoes and the possibility of a quick rollover, I went over the high side, which was the starboard side. I can't remember climbing over a bulwark or going through the lifelines, but I do remember sliding down the side of the ship behind some members of the Marine detachment and ending up on the antitorpedo blister. Once on the blister, I ran forward a few frames before going into the water between the ships. I remember thinking that I probably could not make the climb from the water to the Maryland's blister, that there might be a boat tied up under the Maryland's bow into which I could climb and, if not, Ford Island's shore wasn't that far away.

The water between the ships was covered with fuel oil (smell I won't forget), but it was not burning as it was in other parts of the harbor. The swim up to and around the bow of the Maryland was uneventful. There was a Maryland motor whaleboat tied up directly under her huge starboard anchor. Two Oklahoma sailors, one a boatswain's mate second class, were already in the boat. Another joined us soon after I climbed in. I had a look at the engine and found it was a new diesel with which I was unfamiliar. I could not find the starter. All three sailors indicated that they, too, were strangers to the engine, so the four of us sat in the boat until there was a lull. I remember looking up at the gigantic anchor right over our heads and thinking that if a bomb hit the Maryland's fore-castle we would have had it. (I was told afterwards that a bomb had hit her fore-castle but obviously it did not damage the chain stopper.) When the lull occurred, the boatswain's mate remembered where the starter switch was. I told him to take over as coxswain, I'd be the engineer, and the other two would help survivors out of the water. As we got under way, one of the seamen decided he wanted to be on the beach. He slipped over the side and swam to Ford Island.

We made at least two, possibly three or four, trips between the waters around the Oklahoma and the Ford Island fuel dock (just forward of where the Oklahoma and Maryland were moored). The memory is a jumble of snapshots. I am not sure of their order. A few bigger boats were in the area. There were quite a few people in the water. They were covered with fuel oil. Many were choking and spitting. The Oklahoma's senior medical officer, Commander Fred M. Rohow, an older man, was in trouble. He was being held up by a young Marine. Dr. Rohow either had been wounded or had been hurt in getting off the ship. We got him and the Marine and some others aboard for one boatload. At one point while the guns were roaring again. I looked up and could see what looked like bombers at high altitude. Even more nerve-wracking was the shrapnel from our own guns, which was splashing all around us. All of this was associated with the second wave of the Japanese attack.

Another snapshot is of either a Filipino or Chamorro steward whom we pulled out of the water. He had just came out of the porthole of a second-deck compartment on the starboard side. The porthole was by this time several feet under water, the ship having rolled all the way over to port. He was almost in a state of shock. He had to fight his way out against the surging flood of water which was entering through the porthole. There were many others in the compartment for whom he did not have much hope. No others surfaced in the immediate vicinity during the few minutes we were in the area.

On our last run by the overturned hull of the Oklahoma, I noticed an officer in dress whites, with spy glass and white gloves standing on the overturned hull near the stern. There were a couple of sailors with him in undress whites. As we swung in close aboard, I realized the officer was Ensign John "Dapper Dan" Davenport, a good friend and classmate. He was the junior officer of the deck and he was manning the "quarterdeck." As the ship rolled over, he and the sailors on watch with him just rotated their station to keep up with the roll. At that point, there was plenty of room in the boat for the three of them, but "Dapper Dan" refused to ride with us. The boat was filthy with oil and he would have nothing to do with us. He and his watch were taken off a short time later by presumably, a much cleaner boat.

There were no more Oklahoma survivors evident in the water at this time. As a consequence, after we delivered our last load to the fuel dock, my crew left me when I indicated I wanted to go back out to help around the California. There seemed to be fires in the water alongside her and some swimmers in the water in the vicinity. Other boats were headed for them and, I believe, eventually pulled them out. In any event, we beached the Maryland whaleboat by the fuel dock and went ashore on Ford Island.

I am vague about what I did the rest of the day I know I spent the night of Dec. 7 along with a lot of others, trying to sleep on the floor of the lounge of the Ford Island bachelor officers' quarters. "Dapper Dan" was along side. Sometime during that night, some of our planes came in and tried to land on Ford Island. Everyone was so trigger happy by then that everything cut loose. We in the BOQ had no idea of what really was happening. For a few moments, we thought it was another Japanese air raid. But the shooting stopped almost as quickly as it started, so it seemed unlikely that the enemy had returned.

There were all kinds of remaking the rounds during those first twelve to twenty four hours. For example, I remember someone telling me that the Japs were landing at Harbers Point. Someone else had them coming ashore at Kaneche Bay. Equally groundless was an announcement made over the radio that the drinking water had been poisoned.

Whether it was because of these rumors or for other reasons that I never heard about, word went out to the survivors to report to the Ford Island armory. There each officer was issued a .45 automatic, clips, a holster and belt, and a pocket-full of ammunition. The enlisted men were issued rifles, belts and ammunition. Some effort was made to organize the sailors. Sentries were posted around what was left of the hangars, shops and officers quarters on Ford Island. Once it got dark, it was almost worth your life to go outside. What with the impact of the attack itself and the rumors, there were a lot of itchy fingers around. In any event, one heard more than a few rifle shots ring out on those first couple of nights after the attack.

One of the stories that went around had to do with the "Battle of the TANK Farm". Those familiar with Pearl will remember that there was a sizeable tank farm not far from the submarine base. The marines as the story goes, were responsible for the security within the tank farm. The Army is said to have had the responsibility for the security of the perimeter. The Army sentries would hear the Marines patrolling in the tank farm and fire at the noise. The Marines are alleged to have shot back. This went on for a couple of nights before things got straightened out. I do not believe there were any casualties.

I cannot recall any specific effort that first day to organize the Oklahoma survivors.

Some of us were milling about Ford Island, some were on board the Maryland and other ships, and some were casting about the landings at the naval base. Except for the watch, the senior officers were ashore when the attack started. It was reported later that when the captain got to the landing he was ordered to the ammunition depot at Lualualei.

Because the Oklahoma had capsized, there was a chance that some of her crew were alive, trapped in the air pockets in the lower compartments. Either that first day or early on the second, someone had thought of the possibility of cutting through the bottom of the hull to save them. I can remember members of the damage control repair parties, and people from the navy yard, I think, walking along the hull with blue prints, stopping to tap at likely places and then listening for a response. Holes were cut into the hull, and thirty two crewmen were rescued. Some came out of pump rooms, and others a large contingent of quartermasters was pulled out of steering aft. This was a huge compartment which included the auxiliary steering machinery and was where the propeller shafts pierced the hull. As the story goes, the quartermasters used clothes from the lockers to close off leaks through the ventilation ducts. I heard also, that when the hole was cut into the hull to rescue them it was a race against time. Cutting the hole vented the air bubble in which the men were encapsulated and permitted the water to rise, but the cut was completed in time to get them all out safely.

Somehow the word was put out the morning after the attack for the Oklahoma survivors to move from Ford Island to the navy yard and assemble near the main gate. There the gun boss, Lt. Commander Henderson, took charge. At that point, while we were waiting there, an armed Marine went by with a prisoner marching in front of him. The prisoner appeared to be Japanese. As they tramped by, some ugly advice was given to the marine by some of the crew. The mood was vicious. The memory of shipmates lost was both vivid and bitter. We spent that night on cots in the lounge of the submarine base officers club. This, I think, is when I remember hearing rifle fire in the nearby tank farm.

Somewhere along the line, we were given either some credit or some money so we could acquire clothes and toilet articles. I'm afraid that quite a few of us survivors had used the Ford Island DOQ as a uniform shop. I for example, "borrowed" a set of underwear and a khaki shirt and trousers, socks, and a towel from one of the rooms. Like many of the other survivors, I was covered with oil, so a hot shower, shampoo, and change of clothes were great morale boosters. Nevertheless, we all came away from this raid with guilty consciences. When the occupants of the rooms returned, they must have thought a plague of locusts had swarmed through. Being at the submarine base and being a communicator, I found a temporary job as a communication watch officer and a courier between submarine force headquarters and the submarines about to leave on patrol. This lasted, as I remember, for two, three, maybe four or five days. Then, our "permanent temporary" assignment came through. I was assigned to Patrol Wing 2 on Ford Island as assistant communications officer and communications division officer.

During the period of great uncertainty, the former commanding officer, Captain Foy, did a lot to boost the moral of the Oklahoma's survivors. He visited them and had an open door for those who could come to see him. In some instances, he was able to reassure next-of-kin back on the mainland. I remember going to see him and seeking advice about my next assignment. Captain Foy's main concern about his former crew was typical of the man.

On Ford Island, not far from the water front, there was a building with a small tower on it. This tower served as the site for a twenty four hour a day signal and lookout watch which we established for Patrol Wing 2. We revetted the tower with sandbags and from someplace we requisitioned a .50- caliber machine gun and mounted. This "signal bridge" was manned at least partly by signalman from the Oklahoma. Although posting this watch and mounting the machine gun were moral boosters they were not very practical moves, so, as I remember, we secured the watch on the signal tower within a couple of weeks.

One of the good things about the signal tower was the view it gave us of ships entering and leaving Pearl Harbor. I'll never forget the stunned and shocked look on the faces of the crews of the returning ships of the Enterprise task force. Fortunately, the carriers were at sea when the attack took place. Subsequently, they spent some time searching for the Japanese before returning to port several days later. As they entered the harbor, the crews obviously were having a hard time believing what they were seeing.

One of the pressing problems after the attack was how to get word to one's family. Knowing that all the military circuits would be jammed for days with operational and longistic traffic. I telephoned Patricia Goepp, a girl I had been dating, and asked if she would try to get a cable out for me. She acted on faith, because I had no money at the time to give her. Also, from somewhere, I obtained a Navy issue post card which I was allowed to mail and I did so on 9 December. (If war was not expected immediately, why were these cards so readily available?) In the meantime, my family had been in touch with both our senator and congressman. They were working through the Navy Department, trying to find out if I had made it. Patt's cable got through about four days after the attack and before any word came via the members of congress. The post card arrived a few days later. My mother kept it, and I now have it.

There is a very sad parallel to this episode; about two weeks after the attack, I received a letter from Mrs. Pride, Bailey's mother. When she wrote the letter she had only just heard of Bailey's death. I had not written her because I did not have and could not get Bailey's home address. She found my name through some frantic detective work. My mother had sent me a fruitcake Christmas. It was in a large tin which was covered with several layers of brown wrapping paper. Bailey had used some of that paper to wrap a package of gifts which he had mailed home. His package arrived in Kentucky about the time of the attack. That piece of wrapping had my mother's name and address on it as well as mine. Mrs. Pride telephoned my mother to ask if she had heard anything from me. By then, my mother had heard from me via Patty's cable. Shortly thereafter, Mrs. Pride had heard from the Navy Department of Bailey's death. She wrote to me to ask for whatever details I could give her. My reply must have seemed terrible inadequate..

My permanent change of duty orders to the commissioning crew of the battleship South Dakota came through about three months after the attack. I made it to the ship in time to be hoisted aboard in a bucket of a crane just before she left the builder's yard at Camden, New Jersey, for fitting out in Philadelphia Navy Yard.

In 1944, following action at Santa Cruz, Guadalcanal, the Norwegian Sea, and the Central Pacific, the South Dakota stopped at Pearl Harbor over night to refuel. She had been hit during the battle of the Philippine Sea and was on her way to the Navy Yard at Bremerton, for repairs and overhaul. It was my first visit to Pearl since the Oklahoma had been "salvaged". Over the years since the attack, several of my shipmates, who also had been at Pearl on 7 December, had received official letters notifying them that certain of their personal effects had been recovered and placed in temporary stowage awaiting their instructions for disposition. I had not received such a letter, so when we arrived at Pearl, I found out where the salvage office was and went there even though it was well after the close of working hours. There a couple of very helpful people still there. They assured me however, that if anything of mine had been identified and was salvageable, including my sword, they would have notified me. As I turned to leave, disappointed, but nevertheless, eternally grateful that I survived, one of them pointed to a cane stand in a corner near the door and said that there were swords in it without names which had been removed from the Oklahoma. If I wished, I could look through them. I pulled out the first one which came to hand and rubbed the rust off where the name should have been. There it was- PAUL HUNTER BACUS. Needless to say, it remains a poignant reminder of a dark day, of the loss of close friends and a lot of fine shipmates. WE must never be caught by surprise again.